Cousin Chris

The Fiery Furnaces

Back the bus he cussed "Space suits! Blackened boots!
Lad, little Lad," he sad, "I've a tip for you:
See, what about me: what about her? What about me?"
For five dollars I walked him to his Mom's
And on the threshold he said straight and calm,
"See what about me: what about her? What about me?"
Can't kiss cousin Chris could knight, turn off the light,
With what why's we wave. What wish? It came true.
See, what about me. What about her? What about me.
T'ord ta tippy top Tommy tongue-tied talked,
Tricked Trish tra trance which church chit-chat.
Nana nots no know, so down the firehouse we go.
Fireman Frank friendly fed fee-free
Dank dusty doughnuts den da dribble drank.
Driven droopy drunken; in Clinton lake we've sunk in.
So Tomy, look here what you did:
Barnacle Bill's bound bonus bid.
My mommy must a made up my mind
Many months me for Mandy Miller resigned.
Right raise rank rise rust; and how she ever fussed!
About that out-lout doubt-route scout;
Seems he liked someone better than her.
Oh! Tommy Trish and Frank
You can talk me to the bank.
So I can bring a little extra today,
Prop prince prize proof prize-proof, pry pray.
When the word of your ward was the sword by your side
And you dug up the deed in the dump where he died,
You seemed beside yourself; you're wandering all your wealth.
'While the warp and the woof of your words were worked
By perpetually pushing spirits and beers,
Cause the coffin the cradle the curse
Were woven even worse.
Since the 'sary sends signs out the fire to whom it may concern:
Cause the coffin is for me cause I have nothing to do with it;
And the cradle is for me cause the old dragon attacked me in it;
And the purse is for me because I don't have money nor friends.

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